

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals upon Current Topics - Compiled Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

THE WIFE OF HAWTHORNE.

From the N. Y. Tribune. We noticed briefly when it occurred the death of the widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne in England and there, perhaps, it is best that we should pause. When the gentle, quiet life of a woman such as this ebbs away into the gentler quiet of death, silence over her grave has more meaning than any requiem. As a cheerful song, or a happy day in the autumn fields, her memory becomes a pleasant, tender reality with us forever; but we cannot, if we would, impart or share it with others. There is a morbid curiosity through the country, however, about Hawthorne and all that surrounded him, arising out of the as yet half-acknowledged feeling that in him America lost her greatest poet, and it is only right that this curiosity should be so far gratified as to do justice to this woman, whom if he had never loved, Hawthorne would in all probability have died undeveloped and unknown.

No biographer of the great romancer can ever delineate the strange elements of character that mixed themselves in him, and were expressed in his figure and face; the hereditary abnormal tendencies towards solitude and gloom; the almost insane dread of contact with his fellow-men; the oblique and shadowed aspect in which, as he stood apart, the world appeared to him. Friendly hands may give us the outside facts of his life, the cut of his clothes, the attitude and gestures which he used to those about him while trying, out of a keen fear of being ridiculous, to fit himself with their alien habits of thought and speech; but the only glimpses left to us of the real Hawthorne are in his books. The man was of his own blood, alone, in the world of thought, and has left no kinsman. Between him and the outer world came only his wife.

There was something at once comical and pathetic in the domestic appeal with which he turned to her when the ordinary business of life bewildered and jarred on him, and the alertness and bright gentleness with which she served as his shield and shelter. She belonged to one of those old families in New England who have imbibed culture with the air. She had an intellect of quick and harmonious movement, which found apt and pleasant expression both by her pen and pencil. But there are so many of whom all this may be said! Now, when woman seeks primarily self-development, there are so many talents and powers! It may do us no harm to look for a moment at this one who had no other aim than to be simply a wife. There is a significance to all women in the fact that, while the genius and idiosyncrasies of her husband placed him on an entirely different intellectual level from her own, the infinite love between them made them one, and fitted her, with her keen tact and wholesome sweetness of temper, to interpret between him and the world. If it had not been for that cheerfulness and sunny temper, which kept daylight about him perpetually, the moody genius of Hawthorne would never have struggled through its shadows into light. The world owed a great debt to this woman, who was contented to be only a wife.

There is a pleasant hill-slope near Concord, full of shady lanes and dusky with apple-trees, where Hawthorne and his wife were used to walk at evening, cheerfully talking as they went. He sleeps there now alone. "We cannot bear to think they will leave the gentle, bright-faced lady to rest in one of the damp churchyards of foggy London. But however that may be, we think that somewhere, where we waited for her, they must have met ere now. We like to fancy that the wife's work is not yet all done; that even in the limitless possibilities of the hereafter, the limless love and care which are left behind us here are needed and waited for; and to believe that through the lives to come this man and his true wife will pass on side by side together.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO?

From the N. Y. Times.

One of the current fallacies at the close of our struggle with the Rebellion was that emancipation would turn a multitude of paupers on the country, and that the war and freedom together would nearly put an end to the black race. Any traveller passing through the rebellious States, just after peace was declared, would have heard everywhere that "the negroes would not work," that they were starving in idleness, and that the South, without the introduction of white labor, would go to ruin. If the stranger replied that all the present labor seemed to be performed by the blacks, the Southerner would be sure to reply that that was an accident—that the season was so cold, and the negroes were so much driven by hunger, that they were compelled to work temporarily. "Only wait till summer comes, and a few potatoes are enough for him, and then you will see how the negro will work!" If our traveler commented on the fact that there were no beggars on the road, as among idle populations in Europe, and no almshouses or assistance by poor-rates (except the little aid given by the Freedmen's Bureau), the answer was that the blacks all lived by stealing and other vicious habits.

Hardly any one would believe that the emancipated slaves would ever settle down to steady labor. The old planters were ready to sell their large estates for a mere song. Without labor their rich acres were of little value; and, in view of the old aristocracy, the whole South was on the verge of ruin, as an effect of emancipation. The housekeepers, too, were in endless difficulty. They began to experience some of the troubles which freedom had brought on Northern mistresses. Servants were changeable; stayed in the place but a short time; were impudent, and disinclined to any but their own branch of work. Few masters, too, could astonish themselves to pay a laborer or servant a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. They bogged and haggled, and paid in produce, and often cheated the workmen. One effect of this was soon seen in the fact that negroes would not engage themselves, except when pay was sure, and thus many plantations were left unworked.

No one, except a person who had studied profoundly the effects of freedom on human nature, could have expected anything but an utter disorganization of labor as a result of emancipation at the South. A race who had been forced to toil under the lash for generations, would naturally consider idleness as the first enjoyment of a free man. But liberty creates new wants, and implants a higher self-respect. The actual result has been that the blacks never worked harder or better under slavery than they do now. The South was never richer or more prosperous than at the present moment. Undoubtedly large

numbers of the emancipated blacks have labored on their own little homesteads, or at other occupations than cotton-raising; children have been at school instead of in the field; women have attended more to indoor labors than formerly, so that the aggregate number of laborers in cotton-growing must have considerably diminished. Yet with all this, the blacks at the South are producing this year a crop variously estimated from 3,750,000 to 4,000,000 bales—equal to the average of the last four years before the war.

Another belief in regard to the negro was equally general, that liberty would greatly diminish his numbers, and that the war had cut off a large proportion of his race. No doubt, for a time, the civil war wasted the black population fearfully. They were driven from their homes, herded in the cities, or compelled to follow armies, or to take their abode in strange places. Wounds, disease, want of proper food, exposure, and battle carried off great numbers. Then the experience of emancipation here was similar to that in Jamaica, namely, that the blacks had become accustomed to depend on their masters for medical care and attendance, and with freedom they could not easily secure physicians for their children; so that, after peace, many of their children died from want of proper care and medicine. Yet with all these unfavorable circumstances, the returns of the preliminary census show that the increase of colored population in the last decade in the cotton States is moderately large. There is a decrease of only four per cent, as compared with the growth from 1850 to 1860 of the general colored population of the South. Fuller returns will enable us to judge more closely whether the increase of the cotton States is due mainly to the emigration from the non-cotton States, or to a legitimate growth of population. At all events, the laboring force of the richest part of the South is stronger than it was before the war, and undoubtedly much more intelligent and prosperous.

THE GROUND-SWELL IN EUROPE.

From the N. Y. Herald.

The universal public sentiment of the hour, not to speak of our special of Tuesday morning, show, first of all, that trouble is not ended in France by the cessation of hostilities, and secondly, that the peace of Europe is not secured by the humiliation and defeat of France. Just in proportion as the German pressure is raised from France, particularly so does France, or rather Paris, reveal its true character. In the capital city riots have already taken place. It is not, in fact, too much to say that France, now giving evidence that she is at war with herself, would have been mightily benefited by a prolonged German occupation. With the single exception of the September revolution, France has behaved well enough during the war. A necessity was laid upon the French people, and the French people, not being well able to help it, yielded to the mastery necessity. But the strong hand of the German has now released its grasp. France breathes or thinks she breathes freely, and, as is not unnatural, the factions and the individuals resume the fight when the common foe is gone. It was so in our history when the civil war was ended. It was so in Mexico when the French retired. In our case, happily, the strife that followed the war was more individual than factional, and we, in consequence, suffered the less. France, however, promises to be a Mexico, or rather promises to revive the worst memories of the first revolution.

The new government offers but little encouragement. M. Thiers was no doubt the best man to fall back upon in the circumstances as the representative of law and order. But M. Thiers, as Chief Magistrate of France, means more just as much as it means peace. His position is ill defined. We would not say that we discover in him a reactionist. He belongs to none of the old parties. The accurate and truthful record proves that he has opposed the follies of the Bourbons time and again, and, although his great historical works on "The French Revolution" and "The Consulate and Empire" revealed much admiration for the abilities of the First Napoleon, his later career has shown him upon all occasions to be the opponent of the extravagances of the Third. Long supported by superficial observers to be an Orleansist, he is yet remembered as a French republican in 1848-49, and of so decided a complexion that he was even then mentioned for the Presidency. Since that time his voice has been of no party, but entirely for France.

This incontestable fact leads us to hope that the peace terms which have been obtained through the wisdom of the present Chief Magistrate of France may lead to a satisfactory and durable peace. The prompt recognition of the French republic, in its revised and improved form, by Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Italy, the United States, and, as despatches now allege, by the Pope, is a strengthening the position of France, and ought not to fail to have a sedative effect upon excited popular passion. Yet, as Mr. Odo Russell some time since hinted to the British Government with regard to Southern Europe, there is, evidently, a deep, widespread and menacing excitement among the masses below the diplomatic surface, and if France does not now behave well, France, and through France Europe, may have some sad experience before her.

Among the leading papers that come to us the Journal de St. Petersburg, the Allgemeine Zeitung, the Kreuz Zeitung, the Vienna Abend Post, the Independance Belge, the Brussels Nord, the Florence Italia, the Diritto, the Franch Constitutionnel, Journal du Havre, and Courrier du Havre—all let their forebodings plainly appear. The German papers are, of course, much more cautious than the rest, but it requires no heavy guessing to make out what they mean when they refer to the depletion and mourning in Fatherland, the dull prospects of the coming summer, and the "turbulent passions of the multitude." The heavy and as some think excessive demands of Prussia have aroused the bad passions of the German democrats.

But let any man in his senses endeavor to calculate the loss, in every material point of view, occasioned to all the laboring masses of Europe by this devastating conflict. What labor, what seed, what ground is this new year to begin upon, and who are to pay the monstrous exactions of the case on one side and its requirements to meet those exactions on the other? Simply, there ascends all over the continent one loud wail of perplexity and dismay from the tolling millions. The flesh and blood of men will not be ignored, and all the gentleness in the universe can no longer neutralize what the age and all its appliances have been diligently and fervently at work so long to cement—the community of popular interests among all neighboring nations; in a word, "the solidarity of the peoples." France cannot bleed without Germany, Britain, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Spain, Italy bleeding, and vice versa; and when that expenditure of blood comes to be plainly recognized as a scourge for the benefit of crowns and sceptres, only a catastrophe is at hand.

There is a logical connection, moreover, in the facts of history. Half a million of living men have not been hurled headlong into the grave within six months, and "the most civilized" portions of Europe have not trembled during all that time to the thunders of continual battle, without the whole system that tolerates or invites such horrors being shaken in every joint and fissure.

Some one may weakly flatter William, as Count Mole, when Councillor of State, once attempted to flatter the First Napoleon. "Sire," said the French courier to his master, "you have killed the revolutionary spirit irremediably." "You are mistaken, Count," replied the Emperor, hastily, "I am but the mark which denotes the passage where the Revolution, for a moment, passed. But when I am dead they will turn to the next page and resume their onward march."

How wise and true, this rejoinder was all men have seen. Have the potentates of the hour, flushed as they are with dreams of conquest, the intellectual grasp to perceive the true path now? If so, tents and vanities will cease. Rulers will act for the long-suffering people, and the people will be guided by their rulers. Poms, pageanties, the glitter of arms, and the stupid clamor of drums will be quickly consigned to the properties room of the great European playhouse. The leading actors will doff their raiment and resume their onward march. The peaceful science, trade, education, religion, and all the blessed agencies of peace will reappear actively upon their rightful stage—the broad fields and sparkling seas of Christendom. The lilies and roses will not be lacking in the gardens of the reconciled people, and the olive branch will flourish at their doors.

The presumption is that France will fall back into anarchy; out of the anarchy may grow a monarchy, an empire, or a republic. A republic is just as possible as a monarchy. But the whole interest of the situation lies in the particular that an upheaving in France may prove contagious in Germany; that Germany may divide; that German democrats may find their opportunity; that the democracy in the south of Europe, in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, may also awake; and that the hoped-for peace may result in European confusion and revolution. At all events, it must be conceded that the facts of the hour indicate approaching chaos in France; and no one can refuse to admit that chaos in France has hitherto had a bad meaning for Europe. France, of course, is not the France she once was, and it is possible that in this fact lies a difference.

AMERICAN SYMPATHIES IN THE LATE WAR.

From the N. Y. World.

Had it not been for the fact that we have a large and estimable population of German immigrants, the whole tide of American favor and good wishes would have set strongly in one direction, owing chiefly to the traditional friendship which this country has always cherished for France. It was to have been expected, as a matter of course, that our German citizens would side with their native country. All true Americans respect and honor their unhesitating preference, which is all the more noble because it implied an act of silent renunciation. How many of our most cultivated Germans were driven to these shores by political persecution! How many of them fled hither to escape an ignominious death! Francis Lieber is a political refugee; Carl Schurz is a political refugee; and so are thousands of others not quite so distinguished who sought in this land of freedom an asylum from the tyranny of their German rulers. The revolutionary disturbances of 1848, that memorable year, brought us a large crop of such refugees; many of them richly endowed with genius, culture, eloquence, patriotism, who felt "where liberty dwells, there is my country." The German movement of 1848, so fruitful in exiles, was a consequence of the French revolution of the same year, which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe and inaugurated a republic. The exile of Carl Schurz and so many other noble and gifted men was a penalty for their keen sympathy with France and their emulation of a French example; and yet, when the late war broke out between France and Prussia, these same men promptly sided with the country from whose tyranny they fled, and against the country whose example they had emulated. Base and ignoble must be the heart that could taunt them with this inconsistency. There is something better than logic—the honest impulses of unperverted nature. The man who defends the mother that bore him, or the wife to whom he has plighted his faith, may be excused for his zeal even if no other person in the world adopts his estimate of their character. Whatever may be their errors and frailties, it is a virtue in him to regard them as "wisest, virtuous, discreet, best," and his faithfulness is all the more resplendent if he be silent in memory for the wrongs they may have done him.

Similar to this is the magnanimous warmth with which exiled Germans in this country espouse the cause of their Fatherland. It was one of those occasions in which impulse is superior to reason. The noblest qualities of the human heart are instinctive; they would be chilled out of existence by cold calculation and strict logical precision. Shame on the man who does not esteem and venerate his grey-haired father beyond any title which could be established to the satisfaction of scrutinizing strangers. The staunch adherence of the German immigrants to their Fatherland in the late momentous conflict has always had our admiring approval.

If our country had not been full of these Germans, American sympathy would have been wholly given to France, with as much promptness and as little reflection as characterized the unhesitating preference of our German immigrants for Germany. The spontaneous American impulse was not quite as strong, not quite as noble, it had nothing of the magnanimous and unconscious forgiveness of the German political exiles; but it was equally genuine and natural. We could not justify to the German feeling because it springs from sources which exist in every human heart. But our German fellow-citizens cannot so readily enter into the American feeling because it is more the effect of education and tradition than of a universal human instinct. The sentiments of every people are more or less moulded by their history; and every American has been taught from lisping infancy through the whole period of ingenuous, impressionable youth, to love and venerate France. It is to her co-operation with our brave ancestors that we owe the independence of our country; it was by the assistance of France that we were enabled to open this great asylum to the oppressed of all nations—Germans among the rest. In our patriotic associations the laurels of Lafayette are inseparably entwined with those of Washington, and both have always been equally green in American memories. What welcome given by a nation to a benefactor was ever so warm, so demonstrative, or so affecting as that extended by our Government and our whole

people to Lafayette when he revisited these shores in 1824? When were the words of our greatest orator ever so burdened with feeling, or so truly pathetic, as in that passage of the Bunker Hill oration addressed to Lafayette, who was present on that occasion? There are few Americans who, in reading those words, have not been choked with emotion like that which filled a vast audience with sobs when Webster ended his direct address to Lafayette by alluding to the presence of the revolutionary soldiers who had fought with him on the same fields—"Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you! Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever!"

There has never been a time since our glorious Revolution when France suffered or rejoiced that the American people did not suffer or rejoice with her. The first French revolution kindled all America into a flame. Our people were wild with generous enthusiasm. Chief-Justice Marshall, in his life of Washington, forgot the habitual coldness of his style in alluding to that passionate excitement. "A great majority of the American people," he said, "admired it, and remained unconcerned spectators of a conflict between their ancient enemy and republican France. The feeling upon this occasion was almost universal. Men of all parties partook of it. \* \* \* Civic festivals, and other public assemblages of the people, at which the ensigns of France were displayed in union with those of America; at which the red cap, as a symbol of French liberty and fraternity, triumphantly passed from head to head; at which toasts were given expressive of a desire to identify the people of America with those of France," were among the many demonstrations of fervent attachment to France.

In 1848 the outpouring was not so exuberant, but it was very emphatic. Mr. Rush, our Minister at Paris, made haste to recognize the republic; President Polk sent a special message to Congress; the warmest congratulations were expressed both by the Senate and House; and our whole press and people joined their plaudits and acclamations. A remarkable illustration of American partiality for France was afforded during our late civil war. Louis Napoleon, against the wishes of his people, undertook his Mexican expedition, and we not only bore it, which we would not have done with any other nation. He was perpetually urging and spurring England to unite with him and recognize the independence of the South; and while our diplomatic correspondence resounded with cries of grievance against England, it had only words of courtesy for France. So powerful was the influence of national gratitude and ancient historical predilections!

During the recent stupendous war, intelligent Germans who knew our history and appreciated the force of education, were as indulgent to American sympathies as we were to theirs. No word of reprimand would have been uttered had it not been for demagogues who remembered that the many Germans among us are voters, and that the few Frenchmen do not get naturalized. Hence an unseemly attempt was made to traffic in the most sacred feelings of the human heart, by making party capital out of the honest preference of our Germans for their native land. They saw through the ignoble appeal and despised it. The fall elections showed that this creditable demagogism bore no harvest. Germans had too much candor and good sense to expect Americans to feel as if they had been born in Germany, and as if the whole current of their patriotic sentiments had not been colored by admiration and gratitude for France. As soon as the elections were over, unperverted feelings resumed their ascendancy, and at this hour the hearts of native Americans, and of all classes among us except the Germans, go out in unfeigned commiseration for stricken, bleeding, prostrate France. This may not be reason, but it is nature; and generous natural promptings are always respectable.

THE BISHOPS AND THEIR SANCTIFICATION.

From the London Spectator.

Tuesday and Wednesday's (Feb. 14 and 15) debates in the Upper House of Convocation can excite but one feeling in the minds of really thinking men, and that feeling is profound scorn. We entertain a strong attachment for the National Church, and have always tried to do justice to the Episcopal form of church government—which might have a real meaning if the bishops had any manliness of faith or religious character; but to read such discussions as those reported in the Spectator of Wednesday and the Standard of Thursday simply fills a reasonable mind with despair. Here are a number of men, some of them learned, and all of them with a reputation for learning, in positions of dignity and authority, professing a faith which, if anything could, should teach them manliness and contempt for censure, whining over the enormous difficulty of making up their minds on the simplest matter possible without considerable notice, complaining that they have been hurried into a grave mistake which is fatal to their "sanctity," helplessly trying to undo it by a breach of faith which formally declares their total incompetence for the simplest practical matter, and some of them interlarding their piteous lamentations over the hardship of their position with unctuous and Pharisaic assumptions of sanctity and holiness that go near to make any manly member of the English Church utterly ashamed of the Church to which he belongs; and all because these mitred old gentlemen, or most of them, with at most four exceptions, are destitute of the honor, the sense, and the courage to stick to the obviously wise resolution deliberately taken last year, to get the assistance of the genuine scholars of all sects in the revision of the new translation of the Bible.

The perplexity is this. The resolution was to obtain the services of capable scholars of all nations and religious views in the new translation. In conformity with this resolution a Roman Catholic (Dr. Newman) was asked to assist, and declined; and a Unitarian (Mr. Vance Smith) was asked to assist, and accepted. Then a communion was held in Westminster Abbey—a communion known as "the Westminster Scandal"—in which all who had consented to join in the work of revision were invited, if they chose, to take part; and Mr. Vance Smith, who, though not an adherent of the Nicene theology, believes in the "divinity" of Christ in his own Unitarian sense, joined, attaching his own meaning to the words of the sacrament, and not joining in the repetition of the Nicene Creed. Well, this participation by a good and learned Unitarian, on his own individual responsibility, in the Eoly Communion raised a storm of indignation among various narrow-minded persons, who habitually seem to forget that a rite which our Lord himself did not withhold either from Thomas (who certainly at that

time did not believe in His true Deity), nor from Judas, who, if he did, believed in his own condemnation, it is hardly decent for Christians of our day to withhold from any good man who wishes thereby to declare and strengthen his Christian faith. But the bigoted cry was raised, and it took the form of demanding that Mr. Vance Smith should be expelled from the society of revisers, as a sort of act of superstitious expiation for the desecration which has been done—or, as the Bishop of Rochester shamelessly put it, "the injured honor of the Lord required some reparation."

This cry the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Wilberforce) took up, finding it popular in the external Church. Though he had made no effort to get Mr. Vance Smith expelled from the body of revisers, he had discovered by this time, through his correspondence with the American and other Episcopal Churches, that it was wicked for the revisers to avail themselves of the learning of a man who "denied the Godhead of our Saviour." Though the Church had availed itself of "unsanctified" learning, it could not go so far as to use learning so unsanctified as that of a Unitarian; the help of a Jew's learning would have been far less objectionable, because though the Jew denies the Godhead of our Saviour, yet—well the Bishop did not get into the matter, he probably hardly knew who he professed the Jew, but we rather think it was because the Jew may be an orthodox bigot and a "sanctified" Pharisee in his own department, while a Socinian is necessarily a black sheep. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol tried to be more fair. He had objected to a Unitarian from the first, on the ground, amongst others, that a Unitarian scholar is sure to have a doctrinal bias in relation to the translation of all passages bearing on the personality of the Second and Third Persons of the Trinity, a reason which, if it has the least force in it, applies equally to all Churches—would make the Unitarians as liable to *ex parte* prejudice as the Unitarians—would render it impossible to work with an Independent in translating passages relating to the Church and the Episcopacy—or with a Baptist in translating passages touching upon baptism.

Their simple truth is, that the Bishops show by their cowardly fluttering and cackle over this "scandal" of acting with a learned Unitarian, that they have no real faith in their own creed or their own work. If they suppose that Christ can be "dishonored" by frankly asking the opinion of an honorable scholar who does not believe in the Divine essence of Christ, as to the true meaning of Greek or Hebrew words, and giving him a single vote in a council composed otherwise of pure Unitarians, on the proper translation of such words, we can only say that to us they seem to dishonor our Lord by their cowardly doubts. They treat the Divine Being as if he were as sensitive and jealous of human opinion as an English Bishop. What can God want of us more than honest trust and faith? Can He not make a Unitarian to honor, and a Trinitarian (even a bishop) to dishonor? In a Unitarian, speaking on his honor as to the true meaning of Greek words and syntax, less likely to assert the truth than a Trinitarian speaking on his honor on the same subject? What the bishops will be believed, and with justice, really to fear is, that the revision should turn purely upon scholarship, and not be biased by doctrinal considerations. If they do not fear this, they are acting from a worse motive still—not the desire for the best possible revision of the Bible, but regard to the praise of bigoted and narrow-minded men.

It has unhappily fallen to the lot of the present revisers to read many outbursts of unlearned religious and theological cowardice, to peruse the plaintive wailings of many associations of men more anxious a great deal about what the world shall think of their religious thoughts, than about the real object of those thoughts. But it has never fallen to his lot to read more hopeless and faithless, and he ventures to say, in spite of sincere respect for some of them, more despicable quaverings of religious panic than are to be found in Tuesday's and Wednesday's deliberations of what is pleased to call itself the Upper House of Convocation. The Nicene Creed, indeed! Is it conceivable for a moment that any man who really believes that "for us men and for our salvation" Jesus Christ came down from heaven, and was incarnate in our flesh, should shriek out treason because a good Greek scholar, who does not believe this, is asked to help towards ascertaining the true meaning of the Greek words in which this great gospel was first told? Did not somebody, commonly supposed to be more than a bishop, assert that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and amongst the "all things" would He not certainly have included any true science or scholarship? No Church can stand which is ruled by such chickbeated men as debated together in a senseless panic on Tuesday and Wednesday last. If these men knew what is truly thought of their faithlessness and cowardice by the outward world, they would know that what is much more likely to be remembered as the true "Westminster Scandal" than the admission of a Unitarian to communion last summer, is the dishonorable display of faithlessness exhibited by themselves in the name of their Lord and Master in the sitting of this week. The Bishop of Exeter and the Bishop of St. David's are noble exceptions to the character of the Episcopal speeches. Dr. Thirlwall in the Upper House, and Dean Stanley in his truly admirable speech in the Lower House, have done something towards redeeming the honor of our Church.

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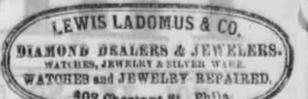
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PATENTS.

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1871. On the petition of DANIEL S. NIPES, of Merton Township, Pennsylvania, administrator of the estate of Albert S. Nipes, deceased, praying for the extension of a patent granted to the said Albert S. Nipes on the 21st day of April, 1867, for an improvement in printing:—

It is ordered that the testimony in the case be closed on the 21st day of March next, the time for filing arguments and the Examiner's report be limited to the 31st day of March next, and said petition be heard on the 21st day of April next, any person may oppose this extension.

SAMUEL A. DUNCAN, 210 2nd St. Acting Commissioner of Patents.

Corn Exchange Bag Manufacturer.

JOHN T. BAILEY, N. E. Cor. Water and Market.

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